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LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

"The task of an author is, either to teach what is not known or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them."
Dr. Johnson.

"Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism."
Washington's Farewell Letter.

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No. 4.

REMARKS ON BYRON'S CAIN.

NO. II.

(Continued from page 11.)

LORD Byron has at length been openly charged by the demure disciples of Southey, and his maudlin pious fraternity with having made a bold attack upon the Christian Religion, in his poem of Cain. Those who have the intolerance, we had almost said audacity, to prefer this serious accusation against him, cannot be supposed to possess the slightest knowledge, either of his awfully sublime imagination, of those sacred inward thoughts of the soul, which are alone sufficient testimony of its alienation from its God. Those whisperings of the spirit are never published to the world, and they appear under no disguise, or form, in Cain. He therefore who from bigotry, or superstition, shall arrogate to himself, the power to denounce and proscribe such a writer as an Atheist, from the inferences and suspicions of his own mind, can be actuated by no good motive; and may, in his turn, become on the same ground and with equal reason, a victim to the same suspicions. Those who accuse Byron of irreverence to God, must prove their surmise by his works, and his works only. Those who penetrate the mind, to infer evil, are themselves the enemies of religion and truth. His persecutors have fixed upon *Cain*, as furnishing evidence of their averments; a poem, whose mingled character of profound piety, and human turpitude, is so far from presenting a bold and open attack upon Religion, as not even to appear of an *equivocal* nature, in its bearings upon the subject; so much and strongly does it incline to devotional and pious sentiments and feelings. The enmity of his opponents, therefore, becomes manifest, from the necessity imposed on them, to search for evidence in support of their accusation; which when found, is insufficient to satisfy minds, not previously poisoned against him by envy and by malice. Thus his opponents appear not only malicious, but feeble and incompetent. Had Byron attacked Religion, we should not be among the last, to brand him as the enemy of human happiness; but being guiltless on this head, and not only guiltless, but absolutely meritorious; we feel called upon, to take a defensive posture, against the envenomed malice, and spiteful envy, of such wretched and debilitated creatures

as *Southey* and *Bowles*; who ride their *Bedlam Muse* with the impudence of beggars on wild asses, and chant their incoherent rhapsodies, as if even *Folly* herself had been deprived of the sense of hearing their psalmody, and joining in the Chorus.

"Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
"They strike with frenzy every feeble mind!"

To form an impartial judgment of *CAIN*, we must consider the nature of the materials, from which the Poet forms his fable; as in estimating *Paradise Lost*, we must in the same manner, consider the sentiments and character of the poem, in relation to the story. The murder of *Abel*, by his brother *Cain*, and the consequent curse and exile passed upon him for his wickedness, is the ground work of the poem before us. This is the grand incident, the fact, or rather the fable which the fancy of the Poet, is to embellish; and in the embellishment of this event, his imagination, is only restricted so far, as to mould his characters in such a manner, that they must exhibit the workings of the passions, which give an adequate motive and impulse, to the bloody deed, which forms the catastrophe of the piece.

It is hard to imagine, what, in that early stage of the world, could have furnished an object of contention, or strife, between two brothers except that which Byron has supposed. But here the fancy of the Poet, must create some object, or his poem must stand still; for he must show the operation of the passions leading to the act. Byron in this arduous task, has acquitted himself nobly. He has depicted the minds of *Adam*, *Eve*, and their children, as still deeply imbued with the misery caused by their expulsion from *Paradise*; still turned towards God, in fear, in prayer, and adoration. They regretted and longed for the joys of lost paradise.—*Abel* is holy, meek, and patient; so is *Adah*, the wife and sister of *Cain*. Not so, however, *Cain* himself. Proud, stubborn, lofty in mind, he feels all the heaviness of the curse, both in body and in spirit.—His unsubdued soul, spurns his low condition; his thoughts revolt against the God who could thus afflict him; he becomes soured, gloomy, and morose; and the gentle spirit of *Abel*, is a sore rebuke to his own restless and turbulent mind.—In this state of affliction, a spirit seduces him to the paths of knowledge; he beholds the mighty wonders of creation; and his soul "shrinks back on itself, and star-

ties at destruction." He feels his littleness; he treads no more, like a lord of the creation, with erect and firm step; but seems to creep like an atom upon a globe of stupendous and eternal grandeur.—Brooding on the curse; ever thinking of death; (*for no saving faith was then promulgated!*) and full of the bitterness of spirit, engendered by his daily sweat and toil; he returns to where the gentle and holy Abel, has erected in his absence, two alters, for the purpose of offering a sacrifice to God, in company with his brother Cain.—Here then we behold the passions gradually verging to the fatal point. They offer sacrifice. Abel prays with a meek and contrite spirit; Cain with a bold air of pride, rebuke, and defiance towards his God.—The sacrifice of Abel is accepted;—that of Cain is scattered, by a whirlwind abroad upon the earth.—Here the soul of Cain bursts forth, in the blackest fury of proud despair. He attempts to break down his brother's alter with horrid imprecations; Abel gently steps between, to shield it from his impious wrath; when Cain, wrought to frenzy by his wicked passions, seizes a brand from the yet living fire, and slays him, by a blow!—What we demand, could be conceived more happy, more appropriate, more awfully impressive of the satanic wickedness of the one, and the heavenly meekness of the other? What could be conceived, better calculated to impress the mind, with the necessity of religion, the happiness of an humble and sweet spirit; and the beauty of patience and submission to the Divine Will?—Would you have Abel, or Cain, a Christian, before Christianity was known? Would you deny the fratricide of Cain? Was not a religious dispute the most *probable* cause of discord, in that primeval age? Was it not most probable, that Cain would be irreligious; being passionate and wicked, to a degree, that impelled him to murder? Would you desire that CAIN should be painted as a holy and devout man, in the daily worship of God? Or a depraved castaway, consigned over to the dominion of consuming passions?

Suppose Byron had pictured Cain, as a religious character, although a fratricide? Would not the picture have been more offensive? It would have been stigmatised, as a *satire* on the piety of the church; and a wicked insinuation of bloody hypocrisy, against the professors and saints of religion. How then was he to please, in giving us this *Sequel* to Milton's *Paradise Lost*—but by doing, what he has so well done.

Yet after all, Byron has done no more, nay, he has not done so much as Milton, in supposed procreation of holy and sacred things. If Byron has ventured to put the probable thoughts of *Cain* in language; Milton has performed a more revolting impiety. He has placed words in the mouth of God himself; he has caused Satan, to address the most high to his face in reviling and blasphemous terms; nay, we have seen Satan wage War against the whole host of heaven, if not with success, at least so as to shake to the centre the celestial throne; till he was plunged therefrom into the lake of burning sulphur. We have seen him rise again with renovated vigour, under the pen of Milton; who goes so far as to blind and enfeeble God, in order that Satan may enter Paradise, to blast the fairest works of the hands of omnipotence. God places his Angels about Paradise in vain, to guard it from a fallen spirit: Satan enters, seduces Eve, and triumphs.—It is in *Paradise Regained*,

however, that we behold an exact parallel to this alleged poetical crime of Lord Byron; where Satan requires of Christ, that if he be the son of God, he will command the stones to be turned into bread, to appease his hunger. And again, where he conducts Christ to an eminence, and displays to his view, those *very worlds*, as his reward, if he will fall down, and worship him; which had so intoxicated the mind of Cain in company with Lucifer. Indeed so strong is the resemblance between the two poems in this particular, that Lord Byron's envious opponents would be better employed, in detecting the imitation, if not in accusing him of a piracy upon the riches of Milton, whom he professedly takes for his model, and owns for his master; but whom, like many scholars, he excels, both in the grandeur of his conceptions, and the splendour of his imagery; in the fertility of his genius, and the calidity of his imagination.

We select the following passages, as proof that Byron, in his most free and lofty strains has not exceeded Milton, in the satanic sentiments put into the mouth of Lucifer.

Cain. Ah!

Thou look'st almost a god; and—

Lucifer. I am none:

And having fail'd to be one, would be nought

Save what I am. He conquer'd; let him reign!

Cain. Who?

Lucifer. Thy sire's Maker, and the earth's.

Cain. And heaven's

And all that in them is. So I have heard

His seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

Lucifer. They say—what they must sing and say, on pain

Of being that which I am—and thou art—

Of spirits and of men.

Cain. And what is that?

Lucifer. Souls who dare use their immortality—

Souls who dare look the omnipotent tyrant in

His everlasting face, and tell him, that

His evil is not good! If he has made,

As he saith—which I know not, nor believe—

But, if he made us—he cannot unmake:

We are immortal!—nay, he'd have us so,

That he may torture:—let him! He is great—

But, in his greatness, is no happier than

We in our conflict! Goodness would not make

Evil; and what else hath he made? But let him

Sit on his vast and solitary throne,

Creating worlds, to make eternity

Less burthensome to his immense existence

And unparticipated solitude!

Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone

Indefinite, indissoluble tyrant!

Could he but crush himself, 'twere the best boon

He ever granted: but let him reign on,

And multiply himself in misery;

Spirits and men, at least we sympathize;

And, suffering in concert, make our pangs,

Innumerable, more endurable,

By the unbounded sympathy of all—

With all! But *He!* so wretched in his height,

So restless in his wretchedness, must still

Create, and re-create—

Cain. Thou speak'st to me of things which long have swum

In visions through my thought: I never could

Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.

My father and my mother talk to me

Of serpents, and of fruits and trees: I see

The gates of what they call their Paradise

Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,

Which shut them out and me: I feel the weight

Of daily toil, and constant thought: I look

Around a world where I seem nothing, with

Thoughts which arise within me, as if they

Could master all things:—but I thought alone

This misery was *mine*.—My father is
Tamed down; my mother has forgot the mind
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk
Of an eternal curse; my brother is
A watching shepherd boy, who offers up
The firstlings of the flock to him who bids
The earth yield nothing to us without sweat;
My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn
Than the birds' matins; and my Adah, my
Own and beloved, she too understands not
The mind which overwhelms me: never till
Now met I aught to sympathize with me.
'Tis well—I rather would consort with spirits.

Lucifer. And hadst thou not been fit by thine own soul
For such companionship, I would not now
Have stood before thee as I am: a serpent
Had been enough to charm ye, as before.

Cain. Ah! didst thou tempt my mother?

Lucifer. I tempt none,
Save with the truth: was not the tree, the tree
Of knowledge? and was not the tree of life
Still fruitful? Did I bid her pluck them not?
Did I plant things prohibited within
The reach of beings innocent, and curious
By their own innocence? I would have made ye
Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye
Because "ye should not eat the fruits of life,
"And become gods as we." Were those his words?
Cain. They were, as I have heard from those who heard them,
In thunder.

Lucifer. Then who has the demon? He
Who would not let ye live, or he who would
Have made ye live for ever in the joy
And power of knowledge?

Cain. Would they have snatch'd both

Lucifer. The fruits, or neither! One is yours already.
The other may be still.

Cain. How so?
Lucifer. By being
Yourselves, in your resistance. Nothing can
Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself
And centre of surrounding things—'tis made
To sway.

Cain. But didst thou tempt my parents?

Lucifer. I?
Poor clay! what should I tempt them for, or how?
Cain. They say the serpent was a spirit.

Lucifer. Who
Saith that? It is not written so on high:
The proud One will not so far falsify,
Though man's vast fears and little vanity
Would make him cast upon the spiritual nature
His own low failing.—The snake was the snake—
No more; and yet not less than those he tempted,
In nature being earth also—*more in wisdom*,
Since he could overcome them, and foreknew
The knowledge fatal to their narrow joys.
Think'st thou I'd take the shape of things that die?
Cain. But the thing had a demon?

Lucifer. He but woke one
In those he spake to with his forked tongue.
I tell thee that the serpent was no more
Than a mere serpent: ask the cherubim
Who guard the tempting tree. When thousand ages
Have roll'd o'er your dead ashes and your seed's,
The seed of the then world may thus array
Their earliest fault in fable, and attribute
To me a shape I scorn, as I scorn all
That bows to him, who made things but to bend
Before his sullen, sole eternity;
But we, who see the truth, must speak it. Thy
Fond parents listen'd to a creeping thing,
And fell. For what should spirits tempt them? What
Was there to envy in the narrow bounds
Of Paradise, that spirits who pervade
Space—but I speak to thee of what thou know'st not,
With all thy tree of knowledge.

Cain. But thou canst not
Speak aught of knowledge which I would not know,

And do not thirst to know, and bear a mind
To know.

Lucifer. And heart to look on?

Cain. Be it proved.

Lucifer. Dar'st thou to look on Death?

Cain. He has not yet

Been seen.

Lucifer. But must be undergone.

Cain. My father
Says he is something dreadful, and my mother
Weeps when he's named; and Abel lifts his eyes
To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,
And sighs a prayer; and Adah looks on me,
And speaks not.

Lucifer. And thou?

Cain. Thoughts unspeakable
Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear
Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems,
Inevitable. Could I wrestle with him?
I wrestled with the lion, when a boy,
In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe.
Lucifer. It has no shape; but will absorb all things
That bear the form of earth-born being.

Cain. Ah!
I thought it was a being: who could do
Such evil things to beings save a being?

Lucifer. Ask the Destroyer.

Cain. Who?

Lucifer. The Maker—call him

Which name thou wilt; he makes but to destroy.
Cain. I knew not that, yet thought it, since I heard
Of death: although I know not what it is,
Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out
In the vast desolate night in search of him;
And when I saw gigantic shadows in
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequer'd
By the far-flashing of the cherubs' swords,
I watch'd for what I thought his coming; for
With fear rose longing in my heart to know
What 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came.
And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off
Our native and forbidden Paradise,
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,
Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?
Lucifer. Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee.
Cain. I'm glad of that; I would not have them die,
They are so lovely. What is death? I fear,
I feel, it is a dreadful thing; but what,
I cannot compass: 'tis denounced against us,
Both them who sinn'd and sinn'd not, as an ill—
What ill?

Lucifer. To be resolved into the earth.

(To be continued.)

THE PANACEA.

NO II.

Ev'n fear with passion will some minds inspire,
Remove disgust, and passion will retire.
Who fears some rival should his mistress gain,
Machaon's skill can scarce relieve his pain.
Since no fond mother for her darling son
Feels greater pangs when to the war he's gone.—

I had determined to be on the watch for the gentleman,
whose distressed condition of body, was so pathetically de-
tailed in my first paper; feeling an inward assurance, from
his state of mental anxiety, that he could not relinquish the
hopes which I had awakened in his bosom of a speedy and
effectual cure.

Accordingly I took my post, at the window of the shop
the next morning, at a convenient place for observing all
who passed; and I had not been long seated, before the

identical dandy appeared at the corner, *with his cane over his shoulder*. His eyes were fixed upon my shop; except, every now and then, when he stopped some youthful passenger, or black boy; the object of which I could not for a moment misconceive.—They all, however, passed on; by which I inferred he could bribe none to undertake so extraordinary an errand. At length, he stopped a Negro porter; whose answer I conceived to have been equally unfavourable; for he turned his eyes towards my apartment pointing at my sign with his fingers, shaking his head, and convulsing his whole frame with laughter. His risibility even caused me to echo his broad roar.—The Dandy was evidently not only mortified, but wrought up to an excess of passion, for he held his cane in a menacing manner, at the head of the Negro, as he walked quickly away, to my great disappointment and chagrin. After a lapse of about ten minutes, however he again appeared; and taking two or three turns opposite my apartment at length tapped gently at the door. Starting up, I opened it, as Daniel Dowlas says, in the twinkling of a bed-post.—What was our mutual astonishment. We both stood confused and uncertain, as well as surprised. We recognised each other, yet doubted each other's identity.—“Peter,” said I.—“Doctor,” answered he—I grasped his hand; he pressed mine and shook it heartily; while I drew him in, shut the door, and began the following dialogue. “Is it possible that I once more have the happiness to embrace my old school-fellow and friend, Peter Leansides?”

Peter. Depend on it, Doctor my surprise and pleasure equals your own. Little did I ever calculate with meeting again, the celebrated Doctor Quizman. And in such a place as this too! He who once illuminated the university of Frothhall with his genius, and caused its roof to resound with his eloquence.

“But Peter what dreadful malady is this,” said I, laying my hand gently on his prominence.

Peter. Ah! 'tis to that I am indebted for our happy meeting. That has been the bane of my life, and is now, the only obstruction to my fortune.

Here I should have burst into a loud laugh, had not Peter's face, replete with melancholy expression, warned me of the consequences; so that I repressed it with difficulty; for though I know him to be the best natured, and sweetest tempered fellow in the world, I saw his misfortune lay heavy near his heart. “The change, said I, is indeed wonderful. Why ten years ago, Peter, you could have crept into the skin of an eel: so thin, so genteel, so tapering.”

Peter. It is melancholy to think of. Yes, ten years ago, I thought myself a knight-errant. My form was romantic. I fancied every woman loved me. The pleasing illusion has fled, before this mountain. The cause is hid in darkness; let us now only think of a cure.

“True Peter, for as the Poet says,

Fate, hid in darkness wisely may ordain,
A mount shall rise upon a level plain;
The plain itself may to a river turn,
And even Ocean like a furnace burn!

Impossibilities are impossible. But why is this *little* prominence, so very afflicting? In love, eh! Well, they are not, I hope, incompatible?

Peter. At present, 'tis even so. I have expended fifty thousand dollars, left me by my uncle Ned; and here are

all the fruits of it (pointing to his misfortune.) My purse is at the last gasp. Nature never intended me for a bachelor. You know my social qualities. I am tired of the bottle, and the noise, din, and rattle of clubs. Besides, I shall want a nurse for this—“Misfortune, said I, interrupting him; and in truth it looks like the mother of a thousand ill-children that will want a careful nurse—gout, apoplexy, dropsy, palsy, stone, gravel—” but he interrupted me with great vehemence.

Peter. For God's sake stop; I know it all; but hope, you know, never deserts the afflicted.—Moreover I am—don't laugh, Dr. for I am—seriously—in love. But as I told you in my letter, this is the obstruction.

“Have you broke the matter to her; have you asked, and been refused?” said I.

Peter. No—there lies the difficulty—'tis impossible to ask—she laughs all love out of countenance; and yet she looks most lovely, when she laughs—her breath is perfume,—her teeth pearl, her lips carnation; her features, her complexion, are all ravishing.

“What does she laugh at, my dear Peter, are you sure—

Peter. I am sure 'tis my—*misfortune*. Her eyes, her air, every thing convinces me of it, yet she contrives never to violate good breeding, and never to offend me. Moreover, she is very serious, when ever that skeleton, Jack Horner, approaches her—that is the worst symptom. You know I was never vain. I believe she loves Jack, and thinks me a good natured deformity.—Now then, for your cure, my esteemed Doctor. “Will you be guided implicitly by my advice? Would the loss of your present mistress break your heart?”

Peter. Why—I should not like to lose her *fortune*; but think I could survive *her* loss. I will however be guided implicitly by you.

“You know, I suppose, the widow Hearty? She is worth eighty thousand dollars.—I have an application from her, to cure a *similar misfortune*, the effect of sedentary habits.

Peter. I have heard of her *fortune*..

Well, I will not confine you to her. This is your prescription. Select a mistress, of a *misfortune* equal to your own, who cannot laugh at you, and may possibly love you for the sake of your *prominence*, for *sympathy* is the mother of the tender passion. Never dream of loving a woman who laughs. Mirth and the amorous passion are incompatible. Vide Ovid. Book ii. page 56. 12 mo. line 76.

Peter here gave way to a violent burst of grief; a paleness like death overspread his countenance, and he swooned in his chair. I immediately tore off his cravat, opened his waistcoat, and cut asunder, with great difficulty, his double russian leather corsets, lined with pink silk, which flew with a resilience like the report of a pistol, against the opposite walls. He spread at least two feet, after this easement; and gradually revived. I am convinced his belts, and patent cravat stiffer, assisted by his black stock, drawn to a suffocating tightness, must have caused him to faint. His bulk was prodigious; but his weakness great. Poor Peter! I opened a bottle of Madeira, (a case of which I keep to give courage to my patients,) and handed a glass to him.—He swallowed it freely; and by the time he had *emptied the bottle* was able to lean on my arms, on his way to his lodgings.

A MERCHANT'S WIFE.

(Continued from page 22.)

They were, at the same time, attentive to their health, and endeavoured to compose their minds, that they might be better enabled to be useful. Lucy was still as attentive as ever to all her duties: a common observer would have perceived no difference, for she was only a little paler; her house was as well regulated, and her dress as elegantly neat, as in happier times; she endeavoured to give way in nothing; and being ever watchful, she was usually successful. A young and delicate female, bearing up against the storms of misfortune, is a beautiful sight; she is not out of her element. Where could the peaceful halcyon appear so lovely as on the raging waters! I could not pity such a person: admiration and respect should alone be felt; and many who have not been visited by woe, may lament rather, that God has not so approved them. "An unwise man doth not understand this, and a fool doth not well consider it;" but it is a divinely attested truth, "that whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

Lucy accompanied her husband, when he went to surrender his property at Guildhall; and while she sat, anxiously waiting his return, in a coach at the door, two persons came out, and stood very near, talking; she heard her husband's name frequently mentioned by them. One of them, an elderly man, said, "Ah, I never thought that young M—— would get on well, with his high notions and obstinacy; and then too, the speculating fool must marry a girl without a farthing." Lucy could not bear this; she coughed loudly; they turned and perceived her, before she could throw herself back in the coach. M—— did not return; and, supposing the two gentlemen were gone, Lucy sat, half lost in thought, vacantly gazing towards the door, whence she expected her husband to proceed. M—— joined her, and, as they drove away, she saw the elder gentleman standing near the gateway: she felt that he must have been looking at her, for he coloured deeply, as he slowly turned away, and an expression crossed over his countenance, which said to her, "Poor thing! I did not know *you* were his wife." This old man was a rich banker; he was slightly acquainted with M——, but he had been struck with the countenance of Lucy, and walked home quite ashamed of himself, for having unintentionally hurt her feelings; he could think of nothing, but that pale, sweet countenance, which not even a shade of anger had darkened at his cruel remark, and which had been so illumined at the return of M—— to the coach. He lay awake part of the night; for the remembrance of Lucy incessantly haunted his mind. At eleven, the next morning, Mr. J. was at M——'s door; he conversed some time with him, and found, that his misfortunes were comparatively undeserved; he told him, how he had spoken in Lucy's presence, and begged to be introduced to her. Lucy was in her chamber, but, at her husband's request, she instantly came down. "Madam," said the old man, "I must have seemed an old brute yesterday, but I heartily beg your pardon: I think you will forgive me." She replied to Mr. J. with a smile, which he thought even more beautiful than the one with which she welcomed her husband on the preceding day. Before they parted, Mr. J. had contrived to offer M—— a considerable sum of mo-

ney; but M—— declined it, saying, "I am young and healthy, Sir; and I can work; if you can give me any employment for the present, I should be truly grateful. I cannot incur another debt, which I may be unable to discharge." Mr. J. admired the principle, which he could hardly understand: he had never been refused before, when he had offered to lend money: he became deeply interested for his new friends, and he did not forget them. He was requested, some time after, by his brother, to recommend some person who could take charge of confidential letters over land to India; a considerable sum was offered, and every expense was promised to be paid, to render the fatigues and dangers of the journey more tolerable.

Mr. J. took the letter to M——, and giving it him to peruse, said, "I know your character and principles; you may, if you please, accept this offer."—"I *must* decline it, Sir," replied M——. "Decline what?" enquired Lucy, who was sitting at work near the window; she had alternately gazed at the countenances of her husband and Mr. J. "May I see that letter?" William gave it to her, but his hand trembled, and he turned away. Lucy, as she read it, leaned her head down over the paper, and, at last, she let it fall; but in stooping to pick up the letter, she pressed the handkerchief to her eyes, which she had been hemming; and the tears, she had feared would overflow, were not discovered as she returned the letter to her husband; "I would have him accept this very kind offer, Sir," said she. William was desirous of refusing it at once: he could not bear the mere idea of leaving his wife. "Would Mr. J. wait till this evening," asked Lucy, "for a decisive answer?" he consented, and soon left them. William was desirous, at once, to state all his reasons, and convince his wife that he ought not to go. She felt then quite unable to resist even his wishes, much less his arguments: she requested him to leave her for a short time; and retired to her chamber to pray, for she felt that a real sorrow had, at length, visited her; and that the time was come when her heart was, indeed, to be tried. And let it be remembered, that to such persons the trial was doubly severe. To any one, the parting from another, whose society mere habit has endeared, would be sorrowful; but Lucy and her husband were no common lovers; their congeniality of tastes; their increased delight in each other's society; every thing had heightened their affection; and religion had sanctified that affection, during the trials they had so lately undergone.

Lucy was, also, about to become a mother; and to lose her husband, at such a time, was doubly afflicting; but as she thought of all this, she only felt the greater necessity of *entire confidence* in God. She met her husband, prepared to conquer, where the victory half broke her heart. M—— thought, *he* was also prepared, and determined to remain with her; but Lucy spoke not as a mere woman; he felt that it was almost a duty to go.

(To be continued.)

POLITICAL.

THE want of firmness, decision and independence in the State Executive, together with that vacillation of mind, which characterizes imbecility, have been so palpably demonstrated,

by his recent conduct on the bills, passed by the Legislature, to apportion the Congressional districts, as to defy all excuse, or denial, on the part of his friends.—The first bill which he returned with his veto, was not more repugnant to the State Constitution, than the second which he approved.—The first, therefore, either should have been signed, or the second should like the first, have been returned. But the good natured Governor, had not the heart to return *two Bills*; that would have been too much! What an amiable object of simplicity and good nature, is this *veteran hero* of Revolutionary achievements. Alack-a-day, what a vigilant guardian of the Constitution! It is indeed a pity, aye, a great pity, as his excellency himself so often declares, that *they* (meaning the demagogues) did not fix upon some *other object*, for the great place, he so greatly fills. He is sorry, and we are sorry, and all the people cry Amen!

However, the conduct of his excellency has happily saved us from the iron yoke of at least one Aristocratic representative in Congress; and although unintentional on his part, yet it is one point of considerable importance, gained to the people.—

DEAF AND DUMB.

It must be fresh in the memory of all, who have given any attention to the oppressive proceedings, had against the Principal of this Institution; that the entire plot fabricated to blast his reputation, was founded upon a *Dream*, by the Mother of one of the pupils. We have procured a copy of a paper, signed by the person who had the *Dream*, Isabella Ford; which we here present to the public. Its authenticity and truth are beyond a question. The reader will not fail to remark the period of nearly *three months*, which was allowed to elapse between the *dream*, and the time at which the Matron sent for her, to *carry a note to Mr. Bacon*, one of the Managers; to whom she was ordered to *complain* (of her *Dream*!) and told imperatively that she *must* deliver it. Were it not for the fatal consequences, affecting character and life, which this wretched calumny involves; who could refrain from *laughter and contempt*, at the frivolity and farce of a proceeding, which far exceeds any *witch* story of the 17th. Century, on record, for credulity on the part of the public, and cruel barbarous persecution on that of the managers. If Mr. Seixas has committed an offence, let us see that offence proved. But it is certainly an unheard of novelty in testimony, to support a criminal charge, by the *Dream* of an old woman; who now comes forward, and declares solemnly, that she was *inveigled into the evidence of her Dream*; brow beaten by the Matron; compelled to go to Mr. Bacon to complain; and that she is now sorry that she obeyed her order. It will also be observed, that the conduct of the Matron in this business, goes entirely to destroy her credibility, and nullify her evidence; and evinces a turpitude of heart, not inferior to that of her betters.—We think this document must forever confound and silence the voice of the conspirators against Mr. Seixas; whose crime being the *Dream of Isabella Ford*, she now freely exculpates him from any concern in it; her mind, she says, was *MADE EASY*, by the favourable manner in

which the Matron spoke of Mr. Seixas. Her declaration subjoined is dated *21st March 1822*; wherein she expresses her sorrow for the relation and consequences of her *Dream*; and consequently, her full conviction and assurance, (which could not be otherwise,) of his entire innocence of all the charges, brought against him, by the malice of his calumniators. Let the contributors now do justice, to this oppressed and meritorious man: the occasion presents itself: and the natural inducements to an act of benevolence and virtue, need not the addition of artificial excitements.

Taking this deposition of Mrs. Ford, however, in conjunction with the budget of fabricated charges against Mr. Seixas, the reader will not fail to observe, that they relate to a time, long previous to that, when the Matron spoke so *favourably* of him. No allegation refers to a *subsequent period*. Why then *send* for Mrs. Ford, nearly three months after the communication of her *Dream*, unless a *plot* was formed to destroy his reputation?

It is said, the *Board* appointed a Committee to investigate and report upon the conduct of Mr. Seixas. This is not true. The Committee were *self-appointed*; they appointed each other. John Bacon was first named; he appointed C. C. Biddle, who appointed his accomplice W. M'Ilvaine, who associated with him Mr. Wood. Another person was added, to give an air of justice to their nefarious proceedings, who was wholly ignorant of what had already taken place, *between them and the Matron*.

After the report made to the Board, by the first Committee of enquiry, a second Committee was appointed, in which Mr. Biddle and Mr. Wood officiously, and for an unjust purpose, *intruded* themselves, for the special object of using their strenuous efforts, to defeat a fair and impartial proceeding.

The Budget attempts to depreciate the *competency* of Mr. Seixas, and *insinuates* basely, a doubt of his having a system. Against this charge, we can allege the testimony on their own *Minute Book*, which contains the highest encomiums, on his ability and zeal, the efficacy of his system, and the improvement of the scholars; encomiums in some instances amounting to *adulation*. Yet these are the defamers, who dare insinuate the contradictory charge of incompetency! In our opinion the System of Mr. Seixas is far superior to that of the Abbe Sicard, and we are not singular in this opinion.

The grossly indelicate assertion, ascribed to him, that he could enjoy them at any moment, so particularly printed in *Italics*, by this virtuous majority, is wholly a *fabrication*; false as the crimes alleged; and has been *so declared at their own board*: and is not believed by themselves, no, not by one of them. Equally false is the charge of his instructing them in the process of parturition, made by the *Matron*.

Mr. Williams, whose name appears to the attest of the Budget, voted in opposition to its publication.

It is stated, that the Report of the Committee of the Legislature, was not acted upon by the House. The reason of this was, that the Committee declared to the house, that it was their opinion, no *further Legislative interference* was necessary—leaving the evil to be corrected by the *Justice of the Contributors*.

This persecution is precisely of the same character as that against the Revd. Mr. Hogan. A plot to destroy Mr.

Seixas, or to banish and proscribe him, has been formed; but we look to the virtue and spirit of the Contributors, to arrest its consummation; and turn back the consequences upon the heads of his defamers.

DECLARATION OF ISABELLA FORD.

I, Isabella Ford, the mother of Letitia Ford, a pupil in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in consequence of having heard that it is declared, that the proceeding against Mr. David G. Seixas originated by a complaint from me to one of the Directors of said Institution, and feeling myself bound by a regard for truth and justice, do depose and say:—That it was to the Matron of said Institution, to whom I first related my dream and my fears for the safety of my daughter, at which period, the Matron spoke so favourably of Mr. Seixas, that I went home with my mind quite easy, and should never have taken further notice of the subject, but about two months and a half afterwards, being a few days before the school was removed, the Matron sent for me and desired me to go to Mr. Bacon and complain to him; she then wrote a note and gave it to me, and told me, I *must* deliver it to Mr. Bacon. I carried and delivered it to him and ever since I have been very sorry that I consented to obey the Matron's order.

Witness }
PETER LYLE. } (Signed) ISABELLA + FORD.
mark
Philadelphia, March 21, 1822.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE COURT OF APOLLO, OR THE GIBBET OF SATIRE,

BY PETER PROLIXITY, L. L. D. A. S. S.

(Continued from page 24.)

METHINKS I see, with Spees rais'd o'er his crown,
Yon awful critic changed with death-like frown;
His finger on his temple, gravely placed,
The seat of *wit*—so Sterne is aptly graced:
And this must be a follower of him,
Who taught mankind with gravity to grin!
Ye powers! he speaks; the spirit now inspires,
And on his *witship*, sheds its gaseous fires.
“What Poetry! Oh! 'tis a barb'rous charm,
“A heathen fashion fraugh with dire alarm;
“Lest like the Greeks, our Moral worth we lose,
“Or worse than Roman Satirists, chant th' stews!
“Or still worse, ye Gods! like Byron climb the skies,
“And show how Abel for religion dies!†

* We have received a very polite billet from the Poet, imploring us not to rank his “*prose-rhyme-Epopée*”—for so he entitles it, among the common trash of the day, termed *Poems*. We are proud to coincide with him in opinion. We know, and shall preserve the distinction, at once so novel and ingenious. He is certainly the *Father* of this species of writing; and deserves equal immortality with Homer. We predict him, and that speedily too, a swarm of *Imitators*.—His roughness resembles *Juvenal*—his wit *Horace*—his majesty *Homer*, &c. &c. &c.

† We rejoice to observe, that our author is sensibly alive, to the pernicious and immoral tendency of *genuine Poetry*, so wickedly pro-

duced by that *outlaw of Fancy*—*Byron*. Surely the Laws of the country, ought to be awakened to the prohibition of such *imported poems*; which so exalt our fancy, and purify our tastes—an event, above all others, to be religiously guarded against.—To think too, of pious M—w the patron-general, of *domestic distilled abortions*, vending a true Poem! Oh, the offence is rank; it smells—to Brandywine. “Is this a silver Pitcher that I see before me, the handle towards my hand!”—The Prince of *Domestic Dramatists*, too, has been presented with a brace of similar *inspiring vessels*, as a reward for his *Dutch dolls*. Why present a Pitcher for a *delirious* production? Would not a hatchet, or a *tomahawk*, be more elegant, significant, and complimentary? But *irony* out of the question, why is not the *English patriotic Port Folio*, presented with some brazen reward. An excellent *trio*, for a colossal statue—in brass.

“Thrice happy fate! the Gods have kindly swore,
“We ne'er shall touch Parnassus rocky shore:
“But when we rave in prose, each word shall rhyme,
“And sing us deaf by puritanic chime!”*
Hail! frantic bards, of this our native clime,
Domestic weavers of the coarse sublime!
No more will I my laments loud effuse,
For the soiled beauties of a slighted Muse:
For verse is now the rage, and verse alone,
In glitt'ring torrents swells each petty tome!
And scorns the want of *Tariff*, or of gain,
Conceived without *conception*, free from pain!
C—y alone sustains th' ponderous weight,†
The brains of Rhymsters, and the cares of State:
Prolific mother, and abounding Nurse,
To suckle fools, and chronicle low verse;
And prose eternal phamphlets from the press,
A frantic champion for the states distress!
And shout, “A *Tariff*—a Poem of native birth,
“A Poem and *Tariff* grant us! Gods, for Earth!
“Here in my hand I wave this *Olive Branch*,
“And curst be he, who swears I am not staunch.”
“The *Feds* are *wrong*—the *Demos* are not *right*,
“But both are too d—hot, and full of spite:

* Puritanic chime.—This requires elucidation. Southey is the head of the puritanic school of rhyme, so edifying, demure, and prolific. Instead of a pill, as formerly administered, by the ignorant quack, the *phrenological* practitioners, now uniformly prescribe as an opiate, *three rhymes of Southey*. The effect is instantaneous. The pulse is scarcely perceptible after the dose—fifty rhymes induce death. This fatal opiate, has forever shattered and broken the constitution of the Port Folio, beyond all the skill of the Phrenological Society; so that it has become necessary to patch it up, by external strengthening plasters, from the Novels of Waverly; which having a buoyant quality, till they become stale, like bladders, or corks under buoys, preserve it from *sinking*.—By the way, some explanation is due to this erudite scholar for a mistake in the name of one of his literary bantlings; we find it was not called a “*Dull Parlour Window Book for Hard Times*,” but a “*Parlour Window Book for Dull Times*,” but the *dulness of the book* and the *hardness of the times*, made us confound the title with more substantial qualities. We are sorry to see, we were so grossly deceived in respect to his exemption from the vanity of authorship.

† The liberal Patron of all *native productions*: their nativity being proof of their excellence, and their excellence being proved by their nativity.

If a man who ballads cries,
Cries not when his pamphlet dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather,
Have a pamphlet than his—father.

Will be published to-morrow afternoon, at five minutes and six seconds after 3 o'clock—“An Appeal to Sound, against Sense.”—*Emittere flatum ventris. Suet.*

"I keep my temper, and I ought to know,
 "I'm neither Fed, nor Quid, nor *sham* Demo—
 "But as you know me all—an Interest—man,
 "Keep all I get, and get—whate'er I can!—
 "Hogan's too hot, the Bishop is too warm,
 "The Church is gone, and never can reform—
 "The Pope's the—Pope—but still his highness here,
 "Must be serene and holy—or stand clear,
 "Instead of kissing, we shall bless his—toe,
 "And give his crown—a Martin Luther's blow!—
 "The Country's lost, unless *my* Tarriff takes,
 "The Banks are bankrupt, and the Earth now shakes!*"
 "My head begins to reel, my heels to dance,
 "I feel, I feel I'm soaring in a trance.—†
 "Who looks for Poets in an age refined,
 "When stiff-necked Science crowns the toilsome mind?
 "When gas, and steam, and water powers turn,
 "The giddy world forbidding it to burn;
 "When *madd'ning ether* rising to the brain,
 "Drives *Adams* mad for Presidential game;
 "And John Cleves Symmes, in concave spheres involved,
 "Presents *himself*—a problem to be solved!
 "And *Whales* no longer fish, seize in their fangs,
 "The brain of Mit—ll, struggling in its pangs."—
 'Tis true we boast no *Taste*, but then our fire,
 Tho' dim, is pure as that the Gods inspire!
 Why harp on taste? what is it but a word,
 Fools get by rote, to cheat the gaping herd!
 Fye! let Columbia's sons the word disdain,
 Renounce its fetters—and their birth proclaim;
 Disclose Apollo's amours, and relate,
 The glowing story of their *natal* state;
 That tho' we boast Apollo for our sire,
 A *Gypsy's* brain conceived th' heavenly fire,
 And we the issue of that stolen embrace,
 By ballad rhymes reveal our vagrant race!‡
 Why blush to own the famed and godlike spring,
 Whence we derived the pleasing power to sing?
 Tho' natural bantlings—sure not ours the crime,
 If born to bear the heritage of rhyme.
 If 'twas our fate to sing, and doom to write,
 And scream in doggrel as we hailed the light;
 If the Nurse said—"God bless us," in surprise.
 "The infant's surely rhyming in his cries;"—
 If the poor parson christened us in verse,
 If we were suckled by a rhyming Nurse—

* Renowned alike for impartiality, moderation, and Nestorian wisdom, we have here a portrait of one of the most illustrious *Pacificators* that ever kept himself in perpetual war, between opposite parties, and conflicting opinions. Alas! alas! why is not all the world in peace, like this gentle and persuasive moderator.

† Enjoying the singular felicity of being a *Democrat* for office, and a *Patriot* for Fame, and a *Federalist* for—decency! this personage presents an example, a marvellous example, of—the abuse of public credulity, and the nullity of the Press, under his own auspices.—"I know he is a gentleman of good conceit," Shakespeare.—

‡ Never doubting the Patriotism of our excellent friend, and transcendent rhymester, *Dr. Prolixity*, we presume his only object here, is to repress the fecundity of bad poets; not denying genius to our higher Bards. We know the Doctor to be a true American, whatever the *English* editor of the *pictorial Port Folio* may say to the contrary.

The crime's Apollo's—on him be all the shame,
 That thus has robbed us of Poetic Fame.*

* We begin to be seriously alarmed at the *prolixity* of the Poet. We yet hear nothing of the *Court of Apollo* so far, and see no intimation of his being at the end of his first Book. We long to see him in that *Superior Court*, and to hear the Lawyers pleading in rhyme, like Shakespeare "For us, and for our Tragedy, we beg your hearing patiently," or like Bottom's Queen.—

"Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes
 "Feed him with apricots and dewberries
 "With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
 "The honey bags steal from the humble bees
 "And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
 "And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 "To have my love to bed, and to arise;
 "And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 "To fan the *Moon-beams* from his sleeping eyes,
 "Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Note Extraordinary. We hear the Editor of the *Port Folio* has threatened us with a dissection. "Have mercy Jesu." We have learnt from *Bell's Surgery*, how to dread an *English* butcher. Our flesh creeps with horror, at the bare imagination of the torture. To have the cold and slimy touch of his dullness, like a *melting snail*, soiling our virgin pages. Oh! heavens! 'tis too much. "There is no more Mercy in him, than there is milk in a male Tiger." The *Columbian Observer* turned inside out. Pray Sir, turn your coat, or it will never wear well. Look at your friend, Mr. W—h, who has turned one sleeve, but refuses to turn the other. "I vow it looks vastly odd." Advise him, Sir, to turn the *other sleeve*, and never mind the body!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication signed, "*No Bidder for an Aristocrat*," under the title of "THE ROYAL GAZETTE, AND TORY REGISTER," is inadmissible. We admire the wit that sparkles throughout the whole of the essay; but in particular, his humorous Motto of "*Principal, Men and Interest*." In truth, the object of attack is not worthy of so much attention; and his licentious ribaldry once provoked would set no bounds to his abuse. We do not aspire to fall into such ferocious and ruthless hands. Besides, he is *justly appreciated by the people*; whatever favour he may be in, with a certain little circle of self-complacent coxcombs, whose harmony is always kept unruffled, by the most ridiculous and extravagant *Vanity*. We shall always strive to keep ourselves out of the fangs of unprincipled Jesuits; and always hold in abhorrence all British hirelings. But any direct attack in that quarter would be fruitless. Where the sensibilities are callous, the heart a prey to frigid selfishness, and rancorous envy, and the understanding impenetrably encrusted with the most overweening conceit, no impression can be made by reason, fancy, or virtue. Such a being must be left to the secret workings of his own corrosive spleen, and malignant envy; and in truth, these agents inflict more real, secret and suppressed torture, than any virulent abuse from a public assailant.

CONDITIONS.

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III. Communications addressed to the Editors through the Post Office, must be post paid.

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